O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeuen times ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be paid with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O Heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maſters Daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Roſemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for you, and heere's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father died, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettineſſe.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercie on his ſoule, and all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy yous.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,

Make

Prince

Make choice of whom
And they ſhall heare and
If by direct or by collat
They find vs toucht, we
Our crowne, our life, an
To you in ſatisfaction;
Be you content to lend
And we ſhall ioyntly lab
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his
No Trophæ, Sword, nor
No noble right, nor form
Cry to be heard as twere
That I muſt call't in queſt

King. So you ſhall,
And where th' Offence is,
I pray you goe with me.

En

Hora. What are they t

Gen. Sea-faring men ſ

Hora. Let them come
I doe not know from wha
I ſhould be greeted. If n

Say. God bleſſe you ſir

Hora. Let him bleſſe th

Say. A ſhall ſir and plea
came from the Embaſſado
name be *Horatio*, as I am

Hor. Horatio, when tho
fellowes ſome meanes to t
we were two daies old at
ment gaue vs chaſe, findin
a compelled valour, and in
ſtant they got cleere of ou
they haue dealt with me li
what they did: I am to doe
Letters I haue ſent, and re
as thou would'ſt flie death